THE

Conflagration

OF

LONDON:

POETICALLY

DELINEATED.

AND

Directed to the most Noble and

DESERVING

CITIZEN

Sir *J. L. Knight* and *Baronet.*

Ut Pictura Poesis. Horat.

LONDON,
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The Conflagration *of* London, *Poetically* delineated;

And directed to the most Noble, and Deserving Citizen, *Sir* J. L. *Knight and Baronet.*

Poetry's Painting, *Horat.*

WHat ayls the Poet? what *unwonted Fire*
Thus on a sudden doth his *breast inspire?*
'Tis *thine, O London*; From thy *Funeral Urn*
Those *flames* take *birth*, that do thy *Poet burn.*
Ætna is my *Parnassus*; and a *Cup*
Of *liquid Fire*, *Vesuvius* belcheth up,
My *sacred Spring*; To give my *Passions* vent,
I need no *other Muse*, then th' *Argument.*
Your favour, *Sir*, my Muse and I implore,
(*Friend* to the *Poet*, to the *Muses* more;)
'Tis *your Concern.* Those *neighbour-flames*, I sing,
That *Divine Mercy* to *remembrance* bring,
Which those *small Reliques*, where a part you have,
So lately *snatcht* from a *great City's Grave.*
Scarce hath the *City* clear'd *Infectious Heats*
Scarce yet her *Pulse* to *healthful Measures* beats;
When (loe!) a *sorer Fever* her befalls:
A *fatal Fire*, conceiv'd in private walls,
Nurs'd by *contempt*, at last grows *past Arrest*;
Defies all *Aids*, and *scorns* to be *suppress.*

Heaven's

Conflagratio Londinenſis Poetice *depicta:*

Patricioque Nobiliſſimo, Doctiſſimoque, *J. L.* Eq. Aur. *Inſcripta.*

Ut Pictura Poeſis. *Horat.*

Hæc nova quæ rabies Vati? *Quis* carminis æſtus
Jamdudum inſueta populatur pectora flamma?
Nempe, tua (Urbs noſtræ *quondam* clariſſima Gentis)
Funera *deflentes*, cognato *carpimur* Igne.
Ætna *mihi* Parnaſſus; *& hauſto plena* Veſevo
Mens furit; *& totis* Incendia *miſta medullis*
Concipit; *In* Muſam *mihi ſufficit* Argumentum.
Tu modo (Vir dilecte mihi, dilecte Camœnis)
Vſq; fave, *dum* magna *abſolvimus auſa* minores;
Nam tua *res agitur*. *Tot* proxima Buſta *canentes*,
Te monitum Officii *volumus*, *parvaſq; furentis*
Relliquias Ignis, (tantæ tantilla *ruinæ*
Fragmenta,) *æterno dignas ut* Numine *grates*
Reddatis; *vobis*, *quo*, flamma, *jubente*, *pepercit*.
Nondum tota, (*diu lethali noxia* Tabo,)
Deſævit Peſtis; *nondum rediviva* ſalutem
Senſerat; (*ecce!*) novam *cumulata ſtrage* ruinam
Urbs *patitur*. *Parvus*, *contemptuq; auctior*, Ignis,
Graſſatur *late*; *vaſtamque per omnia* cladem
Spargit; *inacceſſo* bacchatus *ubiq;* furore.

Heaven's bellows blow the *Coals*, and every where
Toſs *wanton Fire-balls* dancing in the air.
The *liquid Pitch* in *flaming clowds* doth fly,
And ſcatters *clammy Lightnings* in the *ſky*:
The *ſcared Citizens*, with trembling, *gaze*,
To watch the *downfal* of the *hovering blaze*;
Till, where leaſt fear'd, it *lights*, and *fatal ſhowers*
Through *Chimney-tops* into their *dwellings* powers.
Buckets and *Pumps* they now for *ſervice* preſs;
The *ſervice hot*, and *dubious* the ſucceſs:
They drain the *Thames*, and from the *broken Lead*
Divert thoſe *ſtreams* which *private dwellings* fed.
Each *Street* a *Brook* becomes, each *Damme* a *Pond*;
Cask knockt o' th' *head*, and *nobleſt Juices*, tunn'd
Not for *theſe uſes*, now to *theſe aſſign'd*:
The *ſober ſtream* with *ſprightly Nectar* joyn'd,
Great *Engines* on the *thirſty Flame* did ſhed,
But what the *one* did *quench*, the *other fed*:
The *unctuous liquors* with the *Foe* conſpire,
And *drunken Vulcan* vomits *fiercer Fire*.
Who *dwelt* together, now together burn;
And *houſes mixt*, to *mixed Aſhes* turn.
What was the *Nurſe* of Trade, becomes its *Fate*;
And *neigbourhood* doth now *depopulate*.
The *flame's* augmented by the *houſes crowd*,
Its *hunger* ſtill encreaſing by its *food*.
The *Mower* ſtrikes not more *deſtructive ſtroaks*,
When from the *Field* he polls her *golden locks*:
Then doth the *flaming Sythe* deal *fatal blows*,
Whiles *ſtreets* on *ſwathes* its *keener fury* throws.

Now

Quinetiam accenſos animavit follibus ignes
Eurus, *in æthereo volvens Incendia cælo.*
Undiq; ſulphureæ *librantur in Aëre* nubes;
Huc, illuc, vento raptæ, caſuq; minaces,
Pinguia *longinquo diſpergunt* fulgura *tractu;*
Deinde cadunt, *ſummiſque ardent* faſtigia *tectis.*
Irriguiſque *ſimul perfundunt* Ignibus *ædes,*
Flamma tenax piceis *quaſcunq; amplectitur* Ulnis.
Dum tamen eſt Undis *viſus ſuperabilis* Hoſtis,
Flumine *certatum eſt. Vbertim affunditur* Humor;
Hauritur ſitulis Thamiſis; *cædunt ubiq;*
Qui privata prius ſubierunt Tecta Canales:
Vicatim *ruit* unda, *objectoq; aggere* ſtagnat.
Quinetiam, effractis vacuantur Dolia *fundis,*
Egeriturq; liquor *non* hos *ſervatus in* uſus.
Sobria Nympha *fluit* generoſo *miſta* Lyæo;
Pugnanteſq; *ſimul jaculatur Machina* fluctus,
Extincturа ſitim Vulcani; *at victa* Lyæo
Lympha *fuit, donec nimio perfuſus* Jaccho,
Ebrius *evomuit* duplicatos Mulciber Ignes.
Jamq; ardent junctæ vicinis æſtibus *ædes;*
Exitio eſt habitare ſimul; commercia vitæ
Mutua quod dederat, ſpargit contagia Fati:
Namq; novi *augentur* conferta ſtrage *furores;*
Congeſtaq; *fames Vulcani creſcit ab* offa.
Vtq; ſimul denſas proſternit Meſſor *ariſtas,*
Auratiſq; comis ſpoliatum nudat agellum:
Sic acies *vaſtam* rutilans demeſſuit *Vrbem;*
Fæcundam flammæ ſegetem, *qua* denſior *ulla*
Haud fuit in terris Phœbo *ſub* utroq; *locatis.*

Flumineam

Now *water's* uſeleſs: and the next intent,
Is by *great ruines*, *greater* to prevent.
By *Hooks* and *Mines*, next houſes levell'd lie,
In hope, the *flames* may for meer *hunger* die.
But all in vain: Thoſe *ruines* prove a *ſtile*
O're which the fire *ſtrides* to the *ſtanding Pile*.
Yea, where its *actual contact* is deny'd,
Like miſchiefs from *inflamed air* betide.
Here, ruinous *cracks*; there, doleful *ſhreeks* do ſound,
And thoſe, that *danger* ſhould *unite*, *confound*.
Falſe fears ſuggeſted, *common Aids* diſtract;
While each his *Cabin voids*, the *Veſſel's wrackt*:
Their *emptied houſes* to the *flames* they *yield*;
And change the *City* for the *open field*.
So have I ſeen, when with a *fatal ſpade*
The *Gard'ner* doth an *Emmet-hill* invade:
How *buſie crowds* with *laden ſhoulders*, wander,
Some *this*, ſome *that* way, *here* ſome, others *yonder*;
Their *brood* and *goods* removing in a *trice*,
They know not *whither*: onely this *advice*
They *jointly* take, to leave their *ruin'd Cell*;
And ſeek *new Homes*, where they may *ſafer dwell*.
Thus, *ſcatter'd Citizens* trudg up and down,
Some, charg'd with *others* goods, ſome with their *own*;
Th' *uncertain crowd* with *various motion* reels,
And *following feet* oppreſs *preceding heels*.
The *poor* man's *pack* is *light*, as is his *foot*,
The *rich* man's *load* his *ſlower pace* doth ſuit.
The *Porter* makes his *Markets* in the *wrack*;
A *friend*, or *foe*, as he *beſtows* his *Pack*.

And

Flumineam *dum ſpernit* Opem *Vulcanius Hoſtis*:
Hinc Uncis, *illinc*, nitrato pulvere, *Cives*,
Proxima *graſſanti ſubvertunt* tecta ruinæ;
Præripiuntq; *avidis obnoxia* pabula *flammis*.
Incaſſum. Proſtrata *etenim per* rudera ſcandens
Ignea Tempeſtas, *diſtantes* contigit *ædes*.
Quin, *nec jam* contactu *opus eſt*: longeq; remota
Æſtibus aſſiduis ignitus *corripit* Aer.
Cuncta fragore *ſtrepunt*, *circumſonat undiq;* Terror;
Diſſonus *auditur* clamor; falſiq; timores,
Diſſociant junctas ad certa pericula *vires*;
Dum ſibi *quiſq; cavet*, *cumulantur* publica Damna.
Diripit *ipſa* ſuos *incondita Turba* Penates;
Direptamq; *fugit*, *quaqua patet exitus*, Urbem;
Vix auſi quicquam niſi aperto *credere* cœlo.
Haud aliter Foſſor, *terram verſante* ligone,
Si formicarum *fortaſſe invaſerit* ædes;
Denſa cohors, *hinc*, *inde*, humeris *diſcurrit* onuſtis:
Momento egeritur fætuſque, & parva ſupellex,
Quo *tamen*, incertum *eſt*: *unum hoc* commune *videtur*
Concilium *Genti*, *temerata relinquere* tecta,
Everſaq; *novas* patria *ſibi quærere* ſedes.
Mœſta per intacta palatur Turba plateas,
Sarcinulis onerata ſuis *pars*, *pars* alienis.
Truditur hic *veniente* prior, *truditq;* priorem,
Inq; vicem *confuſa cohors* urgetur, & urget:
Hic, *velox parvo* properat *ſub pondere* pauper:
Prægrandi tardus *nimium gemit* ille *ſub* auro:
Bajulus *in partem prædæ diſcurrit*; & *ipſas*
Queis venit auxilio, *velut* hoſtis, *diripit ædes*.

And happy now 's the *mean eſtate*! The *higher*
Affords but *richer prey* to *thievs* and *fire*.
The rates of *Portage* with the *danger* riſe;
Sometimes, *Half valew*'s thought but *equal* Price:
And ſometimes, *half*'s too *ſhort*: Juſtice gives *odds*
To him that ſtakes a *life* againſt my *goods*.
Now range the *flames*, like *Travellers* in *peace*,
Where *ſucceſs hopeleſs* is, *endeavours ceaſe*:
The *Battel*'s given for *loſt*; and former *checks*
The *Victor* into *hotter vengeance* vex.
O're *flowing eyes* their *flaming Homes* bewail,
But *Tears cannot*, where *Floods would not* avail:
So th' *helpleſs Bird* about her *plundred neſt*,
Chatters and *flutters*, fain ſhe would *arreſt*
Her *Fate*; but over-match'd, takes the *next tree*,
And there *bemoans* the wrack ſhe's *forc'd to ſee*.
Here *Cæſar* comes, with *buckets* in his *eyes*,
And *Father* in his *Heart*. *Come, come*, he cryes,
Let's make *one onſet* more. The *ſcatter'd Troops*
At his word *rally*, and *retrieve* their *Hopes*:
The *Rebel Flames*, they ſay, felt *Charles* was there;
And *ſneaking* back, grew *tamer* then they were:
So that, no doubt, were *fates* to be *defeated*
By *Man*, the *City*'s *Fate* had then *retreated*.
But *Loyalty* befriends the *Flames*. Their *own*
Dangers neglected, *thine* affrights. *Alone*,
Alone, dear *Sir*, let's *fall*, they cry'd alowd,
And hazard not *three Kingdoms* in a *crowd*.
Long may *King Charles* ſurvive his *Cities Fate*,
His *life*, and all our *hopes* bear *equal Date*:

Flames

Esse inopem *quandoq;* juvat! *Quo quisq;* minora
Possidet, hoc minor *est* flammæ furumq; rapina.
Nec non vecturæ *pretium,* crescente periclo,
Crescit; *& (in spolium intentus) sua* Portitor *ipse*
Pondera, *cum* Dominis *pacto* partitur *iniquo.*
Justa *tamen quandoq; petit, discrimina* vitæ
Qui subit, & semesa rapit sua præmia *flammis.*
Jam data pax Igni. *Nullo prohibente, vagatur.*
Desperata *salus, conatus reddit* inertes;
Auxilium *omne malis* lassum succumbit; *&* æstus
Repressi *toties, nec* victi, *sævior* Ira *est.*
Spectant attoniti *sua tecta ruentia Cives,*
Et fundunt lacrimas; lacrimis *nec posse* domari
Spes est, diluvium *quos vix* extingueret, *Ignes.*
Sic puero rapiente tuos, Philomela, *penates,*
Qua licet, accedis, ramoq; *innixa* propinquo,
Voce strepis, sed voce nequis *tua* sistere Damna.
Subsidio mox Cæsar *adest, operamq; remissam*
Excitat; utq; Patrem Patriæ, *(poscente periclo,)*
Induerat totis, exuto Rege, *medullis:*
Sic monitis, precibus, lacrymis, cessantibus instat,
Ignis *uti* Carolum *sentiret adesse* rebellis.
Nec dubium, humanis *si posset* viribus *ultra*
Obsisti Fatis, *habitura ibi* Fata regressum.
Immemor *ipsa* sui, tua *jam,* (Rex *chare*) pericla
Urbs metuit. *Quoties* dubiæ *committere* Turbæ
Dilectum vetuere caput; solisque perire
Ut per Te liceat, *petierunt,* Carole, Cives?
Vive diu, *dixere,* Parens, *nostrisq; superstes*
Funeribus, superes Pylii *tria sæcla* Tyranni;

Flames can't *undo* us, whiles the *King*'s *ſecure*;
He *loſt*, though *ſav'd* from *flames*, we muſt be *poor*.
Thus did the *pious Trojan* venture rather
All's *Treaſure* to the City's wrack than's *Father!*
His *ſubject's Love* forc'd *Cæſar* to *withdraw*:
More *griev'd* to *leave* the *Loyalty* he *ſaw*.
Next *princely York*, with ſweat and dirt *beſmear'd*,
(More *glorious thus*, then in *his Robes*) appear'd.
He, *Neptune*-like, his *watry Realm* doth *raiſe*;
And's *noble Arm* the *ſpit-flood Engine* ſways:
That baffled, next, his *Thundering Canons* ſpew
An *armed Blaze*, with *Flames Flames* to *ſubdue*;
But whom the conquer'd *Dutch* and *French* did *fly*,
Theſe Foes, ('twas *out of's Element*,) *defie*.
All *help* at laſt grows *helpleſs*, but the *Laſt*.
That too, they *try*. To *Churches*, now (in haſt)
Some fly for ſhelter, *ne're* were *there before*;
Others to *mourn*, they *ne're* ſhall *ſee* 'em *more*.
The *flames* even them, with th' *owners leave*, ſurprize,
Nor was't then *ſacrilege*, but *Sacrifice*.
That *reverend Fabrick*, which the *world admir'd*,
Amongſt a *crowd* of *leſſer note*, is fir'd.
Its *cloud-ſurmounting Steeple* flame'd *ſo high*,
That *threat'ned Heavens* ne're fear'd a *flame ſo nigh*.
Yea, ſome beholders thought 'twas *more* then *fear'd*,
Whiles *falling ſparks* like *falling Stars* appear'd.
The *Fates* themſelves, *burnt Monuments* intomb'd;
Their *Alabaſter melts*: and (what's preſum'd
Beyond *Art*'s power) *Marble's fuſile* grown;
The ſacred *Reliques* of the *Dead* are thrown

Cede *modo*, *& noſtris* ſpem Regni *ſubtrahe* Fatis.
Te *ſalvo*, Columen rerum, *nos* nulla ruina
Funditus evertet; Tibi *ſiquis caſus iniquus*
Obtigerit, flamma *quamvis* parcente, *ruemus*.
Sic pius *eduxit*, Troja *flagrante*, Parentem
Æneas, animamq; *opibus tot prætulit* unam!
Victa *eſt* Majeſtas pietate; *dolenſq; recedit*,
Et magis inde dolens, *ubi* ſic ſe *vidit* amari.
Tu ſimul Eboracenſis *ades*, *ſudore*, *lutoq;*
Sordidus, *at* Tyrio *minus aſpectabilis* Oſtro:
Poſcis aquas, *iterumq; cies* (tua Regna) *profundum*;
Undivoma *atq; tua contorta eſt* Machina *dextra*.
Teq; ſalutares bombarda armata *jubente*,
Evomuit flammas, *atq;* Ignes Igne *fugavit*.
Quas timuere tamen Batavi Galliq; *feroces*,
Non timet Ignipotens *accenſas* Mulciber *Iras*.
Ultima *plebs tandem ſenſit* conanima *fruſtra*
Intendi: *&* votis Numen (*quæ* ſola *ſuperſunt*)
Sollicitat; votis *ſed* inexorabile Numen.
Dum delubra petunt, ardent delubra; *nec ipſis*
Sacrilega *Omnipotens* Incendia *depulit* Aris.
Teq; ſtupor Mundi, Moles Paulina, *tuamq;*
Pyramidem, *ſummo ferientem vertice* Nubes,
Corripiunt Ignes avidi, *&* cælo inde minantur;
Nec timuere unquam propiores *ſidera flammas*.
Quinetiam, ſimiles *referunt* labentibus aſtris
Culmine ab excelſo viſas cecidiſſe favillas.
Ipſaq; ſuccenſis tumulantur Fata *ſepulcris*:
Effluit *in flammas* Alabaſtrum; *ipſumq;* (*quod* Arte
Poſſe negant fieri) *fit* caſu fuſile Marmor.

Quinetiam,

Out of their *Tombs*; and by a means unthought,
Are, with their *Tombs*, from *Duſt* to *Aſhes* brought.
[*At building Pauls*,] in the late *Proverbs* ſenſe,
Henceforth, I doubt, may *Propheſie* commence:
And *after-times* for what of *thee* they *know*,
Shall more to th' *Pencil*, then the *Trowel* owe.
Oft, unawares, doth man's *preſaging mind*
Sent future *harms!* ſure, *Dugdale*, that inclin'd
Thy too *Prophetick Genius*, to *prevent*
The *Fate* of that *illuſtrious monument*,
Which, *what* it *was*, (ſith 'twas not *long to be*)
Had ſcarce been *long knowable*, but for *Thee*.
Write *Dugdale*, with thy *Founders*, *Pauls*, and *more*:
Immortal made by *him*; by *none*, before.
With *ſacred Flames* a *learned Blaze* doth riſe:
(For *Twins*, they ſay, *Twin-Fates* do oft ſurprize)
The *labours* of the teeming *Preſs* and *Brain*,
(An *off-ſpring Ages* can't *reſtore* again)
One *Hour deſtroys*: St. *Faiths* betruſted *Cell*,
(For *publick Faith* it was) turn'd *Infidel*.
So *Phœbus* ne're for *Phaeton* did mourn,
As *now* he did; the *Siſters Nine* did burn
Their *golden Treſſes* in the *richer Fire*;
And *mourning-blacks* did *Palla's Court* attire;
Tear-flouds foul'd *Helicon*; your *Poets wit*
Runs *Muddy*, (*Sir*) with this *ſhort ſip* of it.
The *common* Fate, the *Royal Change* doth ſhare,
Babel of *Tongues*; the *Univerſes Fair*;
Where *both Poles* daily met, and what *between*
The vaſt extent of *both the Poles* is ſeen;

The

Quinetiam, excelso delapsa cacumine moles
Corpora *nudavit* Tumulis expressa; *suis quæ*
Cum Tumulis *fiunt, jam, plusquam* nomine, Busta.
Jamdudum reparanda Domus, *jam tota ruinis*
Succumbis, nullo deinceps reparabilis *ævo.*
Sed nec tota *peris; quam postera sentiet ætas*
Dugdaliis *nuper descriptam vivere* chartis.
O, Quoties præsaga *mali* Mens *nostra* futuri *est,*
Nec tamen agnoscit! *Certe, hæc te,* Dugdale, Vates
Præmonuit, memori sculptam mandare Tabellæ
Illustrem *hanc Ædem, quæ (tam cito* nulla futura)
Qualis erat, *posthac, nisi per te,* ignota futura *est.*
Divisam *famam cum* Fundatore, *proinde,*
Tu Descriptor *habes; nisi quod tua* Gloria major,
Qui facis æternam, *quam struxerat ille* caducam.
Nec non (fertur enim sociari Fata Gemellis,)
Augentur sacri, *doctis* Ardoribus *ignes.*
Innumerosq; simul cerebri, præliq; *labores,*
(Ætatum *prolem*) *in cineres* brevis Hora *resoluit.*
Gaza *fuit penso contra pretiosior* Auro
Depositа ad Sanctæ Fidei, *sed* (rara *reperta est*
Publica Sancta Fides) *inimicis* prodita Flammis.
Te, Phaëthonteis *minus indoluisse ruinis,*
Phœbe, *ferunt;* scissosq; *rogos auxere* sorores
Crine novem; atrata *funus sectante* Minerva;
Turbatur *lacrimis* Helicon; non pura Poetæ
Vena *exinde fluit,* cænoso *è* fonte *bibenti.*
In partem trahitur Regalis Bursa *ruinæ,*
Linguarum Babel, & Mundi Mercatus; utrumq;
Quottidie complexa Polum, *quodq;* inter utrumq; *est,*
Marmoreum

The *Kingdoms's Marble Chronicle.* To *thee*,
(Great *Prince*) it ſhew'd thy *Royal Pedegree*,
For *three* times *nine Deſcents*. Thy *Next*, the *beſt*;
Diſlodg'd by *Rebels*, by *thee*, *repoſſeſt*:
Now, with the *Church* he *bugg'd*, in *Ruines lies*,
But hopes, by *ſecond Charles*, a *ſecond Riſe*.
By *Him*, *you* ſtood, his *Name's* and *Vertue's Heir*,
The *make-Peace Act* your gracious *Hand* did bear,
Draught of that *Mind*, which in your *Royal Breaſt*
The *Image* of th' *Eternal Mind* expreſt;
In whom, *Oblivion vertue is*, and who
(As you) by *Pardons Treaſon* doth *ſubdue*.
For *Rebels*, whom *deſpair* with *courage* armes,
A *ſafe retreat* into *ſubjection charmes*.
Whence, though the *Marble*, and the *paint* be *not*,
Charles living, th' *Amneſty* 'll ne're be *forgot*.
Greſham the *Kings ſurvives*. The *grateful flame*
The *Founder* ſpar'd, that would not ſpare the *Frame*.
The *watry Region* ſcapes not. *Conquering flames*
Owe an *ill Turn* unto their *Foe*, the *Thames*.
Scullers, and *Oars*, now, *Weſtward Ho!* all cry'd,
Nor had they *leiſure* to expect a *Tide*.
From the *Lee-ſhoar* the *Ships* in haſte retire;
The *Wind* was thought a *milder Foe*, then *Fire*.
The *River ſhrinks*, and from the threatning Heats
Now to the *ſpring*, *now* to the *Sea*, retreats.
An *Envoy-wave* diſpatcht to *Thetis Court*,
Implores her *Help*. Which granted, to the *Port*
She *march'd*; but when ſhe *ſaw the flames*, ſhe *fled*,
And *under water* hid her *frighted Head*.

Whiles

Marmoreum Regni Chronicon; *ſerieq; vetuſta*
Exhibuit quondam proavos *tibi*, CAROLE, Reges.
Optimus *a* dextris *ſteterat* Tibi. *Sede* revulſum
Reſtituiſſe *redux Pietas tua geſtit* avita,
Et reduci charis Eccleſia *fulſit in* Ulnis;
Nunc jacet, *expectatq; iterum*, Te dante, reponi.
Proximus Ipſe Patri *fueras*; *quem* Nominis Hæres,
Exprimis & virtute pari. Diploma *tenebat*
Pacificum *pacata Manus*; Mentemq; *benignam*
Exhibuit, Menti *ſimilem per* cuncta meanti,
Subjectum *cui* mira *tenet* clementia Mundum.
Hæc quoq; laus veſtra *eſt*; *Non* vi *domuiſſe* rebelles,
Sed ſceleri *temere admiſſo prebendo* receptum.
Fruſtra igitur, Vulcane *furens*, *in* Marmora *ſævis*;
Dum manet (*& maneat*) *quem* Muta *expreſſit* Imago,
Et retinet Carolus *deſcriptam in* Marmore mentem.
Septem *habuit ſupra* bis denos *nobilis* Ordo;
Sceptrigeros, *flammæ prædam*; *dum* Regibus *ipſis*
Unicus a grato *ſtat* Conditor Igne ſuperſtes.
Sed neq; graſſantem *prohibent* humentia regna;
Namq; memor Pugnæ, *pergit* victricibus Armis
Mulciber *in* Portus, *inimiciſq; imminet* Undis.
Omnia confeſtim ſolvunt *retinacula* Puppes
Permiſſæ Ventis: ea *viſa eſt* lenior Ira.
Decreſcit Thamiſis; *motuq;* reciproca, Fontes
Nunc *petit*, Oceanum *verſus* nunc *territa* tendit.
Nuncius *æquoream* Fluctus *præmiſſus ad* Aulam
Sollicitat Thetin; *a fundo* Thetis *excitat imo*
Auxilia; *& montes præruptos volvit aquarum*;
Sed ſimulac vidit majores Fluctibus Ignes,

Whiles *heated waves* thus on themſelves *recoyl*,
The *Deep*, without a Metaphor, *doth boyl*.
The *ſcaly Troops* ſcarce ſafe at *bottom* were;
The *daring Foes* chas'd, and *attaqu'd* 'em *there*.
The *Fiſhermen*, ne're made ſo *ſtrange* a *draught*;
'Tis thought, the *Fiſh* were *parboyl'd*, that they *caught*.
Four days did *Phœbus* ſet, but made *no night*:
A *brighter blaze* ſupply'd his *baffled light*.
And all that while, the *City wak'd*: what *ſenſe*
Of *weakneſs call'd* for, *danger frighted thence*.
'Till the *fift Sun* aſcending from the Eaſt,
With joy, beheld the *Emulous Fire* ſuppreſt.
Whether, becauſe the *Suburbs*, where it *ſtay'd*,
Were leſs with *crowded buildings* overlay'd:
Or their *brick Edifices* ſtopp'd it there:
Or that the Flames, ſo *ſpread*, more *feeble* were,
(As *boggs haſht* into *Gutters*, ſoon are *dry'd*:)
Or that the *wind* had *ſpit* out's *Lungs*, and *dy'd*,
Is *doubted*. Out of doubt, at *God's arreſt*,
The *all-devouring flames* themſelves confeſt
Conquer'd, and yielded to *receive* again
Their *former* (now too long rejected) *chain*.
The *Fire* is *out*. But *diſmal marks* are ſeen,
To tell *ſucceeding Ages* where 't hath *been*.
The Fate of *old Troy* did *new Troy* betide,
Its *doubtful Pedigree*'s thus *juſtifi*'d.
The *City now* is the *once-Cities Tomb*,
A *ſceleton* of *fleſhleſs bones* become.
Its *venerable Ruines* have the *Name*
Of what it *was*, but *little* elſe the *ſame*:

As

Conſternata *ſuis fugiens caput* abdidit undis.
Æſtuat *interea*, quo non aſſueverat, æſtu,
Flumen; & ima *petens* (*vix imo* tuta *profundo*)
Squamigera *inſolitos miratur* Turba *calores*.
Retiaq; *in tepido* Piſcator *gurgite tendens*,
Educit tepido tepefactum *gurgite* piſcem.
Quatriduum *ſine* Nocte *agitur*; *Nam* ſole fugato
Prorogat *uſq;* Diem, ſuperatq; Vicarius Ardor.
Quatriduum inſomnes *peragunt*; ſuaſere ſoporem
Exhauſtæ *laſſis* vires, vetuere *periclа*.
Quintus *ubi Eois* Titan *emerſerat undis*,
Æmula *jam tandem viſa eſt* decreſcere Flamma.
Seu, *quoniam*, media *quo longius itur ab* Urbe,
Rarior *occurrit*, *ſpatioq;* remotior, *ædes*;
Coctilis & paries *ſurgit*, *non* commodus Igni:
Sive (*quod in* ſulcos diviſis *accidit* Undis)
Sparſus *in* extremas partes elanguit æſtus:
Sive Euri *furor*, exhauſto pulmone, *reſedit*:
Sive aliud (Cœlo *certe* miſerante,) *repreſſit*
Vulcani *rabiem*: *tandem* ſe faſſa domari,
Induit excuſſas *vaſtatrix flamma* catenas.
Magna *tamen tantæ remanent* veſtigia ſtragis
Uſq; *vel ad* ſeros *forſan manſura* Nepotes.
Troja nova *eſt jam* Troja vetus; *dumq;* omina *replet*
Nominis, & *tantæ fatis æquata* Parenti,
Occidit; *inde* fidem dubiis natalibus addit.
Urbs Auguſta *ſibi incubuit*, *ſibi facta* ſepulchrum;
Carnibus oſſa *exuta jacent*, ſceletonq; *venuſti*
Corporis oſtentant, *ipſa* venerabile Clade.
Et velut in Tumulis *caſſorum lumine* Regum

As in *Kings Monuments*, their *Aſhes* bear
Titles and *Scutcheons*, which the *Kings* did wear.
Its *greateſt* part *without the walls* beſtow'd;
London's not now *within*, but *gone abroad.*
Grief cramps my *heart*; nor doth my *Muſe* ſuffice
To the *laſt Act* of *London*'s *Tragedies.*
Let thoſe *impregnate Fancies*, which the *view*
Of that diſaſter *fill'd*, this *Theme* purſue:
Meer Fame, I know, *dull Notions* muſt infuſe;
Yet *wiſh* not *ſuch a ſight*, t' *enrich my Muſe.*
In brief, (for *tir'd Accountants* cloſe with *Greats*)
Know; *Churches*, *Publick Halls*, and *Princely Seats*,
Schools, *Hoſpitals*; and what *brave Piles* ſo e're,
For *State*, or *Uſe*, our *Anceſtors* did *rear*,
Lye *raz'd*: with what was *rais'd* by *later Times*,
To eternize their *Vertues*, or their *Crimes.*
All *Europe* mourns at *London*'s *Funerals.*
Yea, our *ſuſpected Foes* (if *true*, or *falſe*,
Day 'll bring to *light*) like *ſolemn Grief* declare.
We, (ſith we *wiſh*'em *innocent*) not dare
To charge 'em with a *guilt*, they thus *diſclaim.*
And *yet*, if *time* ſhall *hidden fraud proclaim*,
Reſolve to *laſh*'em. Our *juſt Muſe beſtows*
Bays on the *Valiant*, *Rods* on *treacherous Foes.*

THE

Nil, quod erat, præter cineres, *&* Nomina *reſtat*:
Nomen *habent* cineres; Urbs *vix reperitur* in Urbe:
Exulat (*heu!*) *excluſa ſuis* pars maxima muris.
Plura loqui dolor *ipſe vetat*: *neq;* ſufficit *ultra*
Melpomene æqualem *mihi tanta ad* funera verſum.
Vos, *quibus iſta* oculis *ſubjecta fidelibus*, alta
Mente repoſta *ſedet*, Muſamq; imprægnat Imago,
Scribite. *Namq;* audita *mihi*, *non* viſa, *canenti*
(*Nec* vellem vidiſſe *tamen*) ſterileſcat *oportet*
Ingenium, ſpecie *nequaquam* compare *fultum*.
Nec mihi propoſitum eſt, numerum ſuperantia *damna*
Exigere ad numeros, (generatim *dicere laſſo*
Sufficiat:) *Fumant* Muſæa, Palatia, Templa,
Hoſpitia: *& quicquid* ſumptu *ſpectabile*, *&* uſu,
Antiqua *extruxit* Pietas; *& quicquid* avitis
Magnifici *adjecit* pietas, luxuſve Nepotum.
Indolet *interea noſtris* Europa *ruinis*.
Quin & ſuſpectus *tanti modo criminis* Hoſtis
Ingemit, *aut ſaltem cupit* ingemuiſſe videri.
Nos, neque, *quæ voluiſſe* negant, objecta *probamus*:
Sed neq; (*ſi volvenda* dies, *quæ* vera Tenebris
Eruit, indiciis *fraudem* nudabit apertis;)
Parcemus: cumulare *ſimul* benefacta *parati*
Laudibus; *&* malefacta notis *proſcindere* juſtis.

THE

THE AUTHOR TO THE GRAVER,

Upon occaſion of a Draught of London *in* Flames, *deſigned to have been prefixed as a* Frontiſpice *to the* Poem, *but forborn upon ſecond thoughts.*

Hold Graver *hold*, in vain thou doeſt engage
To *crowd* the *Poem* into th' *Title Page*;
Thy *Picture* much beneath thy *Project* falls,
Though thou preſent us *flames* and *tottering Walls*:
If that be *all*, thy *Title* thou 'lt *belye*;
The *Scene*'s the leaſt part of the *Tragedy*.
Canſt thou delineate *ſhrieks*, and *doleful cryes*,
That rent the Clouds, and pierc'd the melting Skies?
Can thy *Lines* reach to accent *Babels voices*,
Or, give the *Eccho* to confuſed *Noyſes*?
Canſt thou expreſs the *bawlings* of a *Crowd*,
Wherein *none*'s *heard*, 'cauſe *every one* is *lowd*?

And

And the extortion, thefts, and cozening Feats
Of Porters, Carters, Watermen, and Cheats?
Canſt thou deſcribe the *ſounds* of *tuneleſs Bells*,
Whoſe *awkward Muſick* tolls their *Steeples knells?*
The *cracks* of tumbling *Houſes*; and the *greeting*
Of *tottering Roofs*, and *battering Canons* meeting?
Canſt thou to view expoſe the *hiſſing ſtreams*
Of *melted Metals*, checkt with *quenching ſtreams*!
Or, draw the *Medley* of compounded *ſmells*,
Forc'd, ſome from *fragrant*, ſome from *naſty Cells*?
Canſt reach the *Horrours* of diſtemper'd *Minds*,
Where *ghaſtly fear* with *woful grief* combines;
A *grief*, that *Mourning* from *Amazement* borrows,
Whiles *Tears* are *ſtifled* by *profounder ſorrows*?
Or, th' *Hurry* which diſtracted *Fancies* fills,
Where, *thought* ſtabs *thought*; and *project*, *project* kills:
Where, what to *ſave*'s in *doubt*, till *all* be *loſt*,
And *ſlow Reſolves* by *ſpeedy Fates* are croſs'd!
Canſt draw the *Miſers Paſſions*, while he *laggs*
In midſt of flames, *hugging* his darling *Baggs*;
Whom, *loth to loſe*, and *loth to give*, divide,
Neer *ſacrific'd* to what he *deifi'd*?
Or a *juſt Love* 'twixt *equal Children* parted,
When, *one* muſt be *preferr'd*, th' *other deſerted*:
Or, whileſt both *goods*, and *Childrens* danger ſcares
The *Mothers bowels*, and the *Fathers cares*!
Or, *labouring throws*, and *Births precipitate*,
Where the *Fright's Midwife*, and the *Nurſe* is *Fate*!
If *all* theſe *miſs'd* in thy *Picture* are,
Not th' *hundredth part* of *Londons Woes* is there.

Hold

Hold then: For *old Plays faſhion* pleaſeth not,
Wherein, the *Prologue* onely told the *Plot*.
Yet, (now I think on't) ſomewhat thou may'ſt do
To ſtead the *Stationer*, and *Poem* too.
The *Book* is ſometimes turn'd for th' *Baby-Letter*;
And *ſorry Cuts* help *Ballads* off the better.
In *Chawcer*, ſince his *Language* grew ſo *ſtale*,
Each *Picture* ſpeaks more *Engliſh*, then its *Tale*.
And in *Saints Legends* Romaniſts believe
The *Cut's* do *beſt edification* give.
Perhaps thou may'ſt too, *better Readers* draw
To *greet* a *Muſe*, till *now*, they *never ſaw*.
For oft the *Buſh* directs us to the *Wine*,
And men know where the *Sight* is, by the *Sign*.
Go on, for *once* then. But thy *Next* ſhall be
A *Nobler Draught*, if thou 'lt be rul'd by *me*.
Take my *Directions*, and I'll ſhew thee how
To act th' *Engraver*, and the *Poet* too.
Conceit *Troy's Flames*, and thoſe that *Nero* made
To *ſymbolize* with the ſad *Tune* he *play'd*.
Or thoſe, *He* made, whoſe *Name* did * *Burning* bear, * *Brennus*
When *Jove*, and *Rome* to *Geeſe* obliged were.
With *thoſe* that laid *Jeruſalem* in *Duſt*;
And thoſe of *forreign Vulcans*, ta'ne on *Truſt*
From *Travellers*; t' impregnate thy Deſign,
And make *thy* lines more to reſemble *mine*.
Then, from ſome *Ghoſtly Father* get a *ſpell*
To view the *Cave* (they ſay) *joynes next* to *Hell*;
From that *Original* thy *Fancy* fill,
(For, *that's pure fancy*,) and go, try thy skill.

And lastly, *antedate* the *General Fire*
In *thought*: and thy *Invention* thence *inspire*.
Thus *arm'd*; take *Londons Situation* right;
And spread a *Mantle* o're't of *blackest Night*;
Take *Lights* and *shades* from its *Blaze*. Lookers on
Were satisfied, it might *supply* the *Sun*.
Nex, place instead of th' *often changing Dame*,
A *black Clowd*, big with sheets of *oylie Flame*;
Ruffled by *Eurus*, puffing out of th' *East*
Ætnean Vapours from's *incensed Breast*:
Let them *drop melted stars*, toss'd up and down
To *scatter Ruines* through the *scared Town*;
Out of the *Skies* (to shew from whence it came)
Stretch out an *Hand*, arm'd with a *Rod* of *Flame*:
Bound with a *scrowl*; which let this *Motto* fill,
LONDON Amend: *His Hand is stretcht out still*.
Let *Flames* on *March*, a *mile* in *Front* appear,
Brought up, with *ruines* smoth'ring in the *Rear*.
Before, expres me *Paul's* as yet *entire*,
Its *leaden Roof*, *weeping* for fear o'th' *Fire*.
Some dwellings *charg'd* by the *Van Heats*, let *smoak*:
Let others stand *forlorn*, t' expect the *shock*.
On *tops* of some, *thick Clouds* with *Buckets arm*
For *Charge*, but *flying* at the next *Alar'm*.
Let *ruining hooks* others exposed, shake;
And *gaping Chasmes* let *warlike Engines* make.
Expres me *Roofs blown up* into the *Air*;
And *Flames* they fly *beneath*, let *meet* 'em *there*.
Next, draw a *reeking Thames*, and *Barges flying*
With *scorched Sayls*, and *stifled Fishes* dying.

This

This done: A *Jeſuit* cut, 'ith' *view* o'th' *whole*,
At *Faux's Bo-peep* in ſome *lurking Hole*;
Laughing in's *ſleeve*: and let this be the *Mot*,
Ha! This hits better then the Powder Plot!
For cloſe: At top of *Pauls* let be expreſt
A *melting Phœnix* in a *flaming Neſt*.
Hope will *expound* the *Embleme*; though I *fear*
Few *hope*, 'twill *ſoon* be *verified there*.
In ſumme: If any *wiſh* this *Draught annext*,
Say, *This Edition ſold, it may i'th' next*.

FINIS.